

THE COURAGIOUS SEAMENS LOYAL HEALTH.

Or, an Answer to *Dub, a dub, a dub, &c.*

To the Tune of *The Granadeers Loyal Health.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



Shall the Granadeer-Boys Proclaim
Their Loyalty to the Royal Train,
And we who belong to the Ocean Main,
now forget our Loyalty?
No, no, it never shall be said,
That we who uphold now the National Trade,
Was ever yet, or will be afraid
Of the greatest Foe men by Sea;

Against all those that dare instance,
Our Courage we will soon advance,
We never fear'd the Power of France,
like Hero's we will fight
For Royal James, whom we adore,
Our thundering Cannon they shall roar,
We'll Chase them to the deep Shore,
That none so proud shall ever be.

O'er our Enemies bold extremes,
Was Conquered by our Prince's Royal James,
He routed them up from their Distant Plains,
then with many a fair Broadside;
Making a thundering noble noise,
A Harmony for your Warlike Boys,
Risted them up with a thousand Boys,
When we vanquished all their Pride.
Our Enemies did then look pale,
We through and through their Fleet did sail,
Our Bullets flew as thick as hail,
which proved their fatal bane:
We gave them many a heavy Death,
And fill'd their Fleet with Flame and Smail,
Sure, sure they never will provoke
him to anger now again.

Now a Bowl of Dutch, Boys, we'll make,
To Drink for Royal James his sake,
Who never feared to make them quake,
that Dare to invade the Land;
He was the Glory of all our Pride,
In Battle upon the Main Ocean Side,
With whom our Courage and Valour was try'd,
and under his great command;
Now since our Gracious Prince is Crown'd,
Boys, let his Royal Health go round,
With bended knees upon the Ground,
and to all his Princely Train;
Courageous Seamen bold and stout,
We'll Drink his Royal Health about,
And when the Liquor is all out,
Boys, wash then and fill again.

When our Captain he calls us, then
We'll quit our selves like most undaunted Men,
Never, never is there one in ten,
But what will express their joy,
Let the Granadeer Guard at home,
While we on the Warbel Main do roam,
Where Neptune himself both fret and foam,
we value not the amoy;
With more than ordinary Delight,
We blow the Ocean Day and Night,
To bring home Bacchus here to fight,
he's worthy to be prefer'd:
For many noble Hearts of Gold,
We'll make them seem to be controul'd,
And when they are both faint and cold,
he'll cheer them upon their Guard.
Printed for J. Bask, at the Black-Boy, on London-bridge.